

CAMBRIDGE UNITED



v. BOLTON WANDERERS Saturday 4th April 1981 K.O. 3 pm

30p



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Today's visitors, Bolton Wanderers, provide us with the opportunity to redeem some of the pride we lost at Burnden Park, earlier in the season. The 6 — 1 defeat coming as it did between our two league cup-ties against Coventry City was quite demoralising.

I have been asked many times what effect our league cup run had on our league form, and I believe the Bolton Match summed up my feelings. Wanderers themselves have had, by their standards, a poor season, but I still feel will prove stiff opposition this afternoon.

Our two previous games, Cardiff City and Luton Town, were good entertaining football matches. The two goals in the Cardiff game from George and Derrick were real crackers and last week at Kenilworth Road we put a dent in Luton Town's promotion bandwagon with a very sound, disciplined performance much to the opposition Manager's deep chagrin.

Congratulations are in order firstly to our Youth team who reached the final of the South East Counties league cup which is a two-legged affair against the winners of next Monday's semi-final at White Hart Lane between Tottenham Hotspur and Swindon Town.

Our other congratulations go to Andrew Sinton on scoring the first goal in England's under fifteens 4 — 0 win at Wembley last Saturday.

It is with regret that we have to report the passing of Sid Corby on Saturday last. Sid was employed on the ground staff for some years and retired just before Christmast last year.

CAMBRIDGE UNITED



John Docherty.



YOUTH SCENE

A fantastic 48 hour period which will be remembered for a very long time, saw United qualify for the South East Counties League Cup Final, defeat Bristol Rovers 7 - 0, and **Andy Sinton** star for England Schoolboys at Wembley scoring the first goal in the 4 - 0 win over N. Ireland.

On Thursday evening, 26 March, at Plough Lane, United took on Wimbledon in the League Cup Semi-Final and after early shocks finally triumphed 4 - 3. A late withdrawal by **Bill Harrigan** meant that **Larry Day** came in at full back with **David Brown** slotting in at centre back.

Before we had settled, the home side took the lead when **Beattie** was pressured and a home striker slotted home.

Some ten minutes later it looked as if **Kevin Smith** had levelled for us, but the referee ruled it out and gave us a free kick.

This was to be the first of many strange decisions by a referee who denied any use of advantage for the offended side, and who's overall performance left both team's feeling cheated.

On twenty minutes United went further behind when we were caught on the break, and it looked to be an uphill struggle.

However, to their credit, the lads got down to the job and were rewarded when **Kevin Smith** drove home from fifteen yards and just before half time following a magnificent pass from **Lockhart**, **Martin Hull** crossed for **Steven Pyle** to level the score.

Half-time: Wimbledon 2

United 2

United started strongly from the re-start and **Pyle** scored his second, from the spot after being held.

A second penalty converted by **Pyle** after a defender had handled saw us lead 4 - 2.

Conditions got steadily worse and both sides did well to produce the football they did.

Seven minutes from the end the home side scored from a corner to end the scoring, with United holding on comfortably.

Result: - Wimbledon 3

United 4

Team: - **Woodthorpe**, **Day**, **Longley**, **Beattie**, **Brown**, **Springett**, **Tomkins**, **Lockhart**, **Pyle**, **Smith**, **Hull**.

Subs: - **Fearey**, **Palmer**.

Scorers: - **Pyle** 3 (2 pens)

Smith

On Saturday last (28.3.81.) another hat trick by **Steven Pyle** was the high spot of the 7 - 0 thrashing of Bristol Rovers.



Andy Sinton



Steven Pyle

He was supported by **Martin Hull** 2, **David Fearey** and **David Brown**.

After leading 2 - 0 at the interval United ran riot scoring five more in twenty five minutes to secure their highest score ever in this League.

Team: - **Woodthorpe**, **Day**, **Longley**, **Springett**, **Ellinor**, **Brown**, **Hull**, **Nicholls**, **Pyle**, **Fearey**, **Tomkins**.

Subs: - **Hollis**, **Lockhart**.

Results: - Bristol Rovers 0

United 7.

Andy Sinton appeared at

Wembley on Saturday last and became the first United player ever to wear an England shirt.

His performance was of the highest order and he did the Club proud.

Apart from his general contribution to the side he scored the vital first goal and helped considerably in the build up to the third.

At the time of writing these notes I am looking forward to seeing him at Ninian Park for the game v Wales on April 1st.

Having been a season ticket holder for the past three seasons, and I hope for many seasons to come, I am able to recall many Magic Moments as a supporter of United, stretching back to the Fourth Division days. However, I was too young to appreciate United's dramatic climb to League status.

The first of my Magic Moments must have been the time I saw United collect the Fourth Division championship before a game against Swansea. This was followed by the rapid rise up the Third Division, culminating with the 2-1 victory over Exeter giving United a taste of the high life in Division Two. Prior to this match United had virtually assured promotion with a nail-biting win over Wrexham.

Then came the challenge of Division Two, starting with a home fixture against Stoke City. This, however, did not produce the dream start hoped for as United lost out to a late goal. But, at the end of the season United had secured a creditable 12th position in Division Two after having been tipped as certainties for the drop by many.

And last season, United stormed on further despite a poor start. Wins over Q.P.R., West Ham and Birmingham City were the main highlights together with the F.A. Cup match against Aston Villa, Chris Turner's goal giving United a well-earned replay. By the time the end of the season came round, United were in 8th spot with a total of 44 points, not bad considering United were again tipped as relegation certainties before the season started.

MAGIC MOMENTS

What can I possibly say about this season? What a start we had in our first match, at home to Alan Biley's Derby County in front of the new stand. Goals from George Reilly (2) and Derrick Christie saw United to a fine 3-0 victory. But surely this was overshadowed by the thrilling League Cup run. It started against the holders, Wolverhampton Wanderers, at the Abbey. George Reilly again scored two with Tom Finney completing the scoring for a great 3-1 win. This was followed up in the second leg with a 1-0 away win thanks to a Floyd Streete goal. Then came the fall of Aston Villa at the Abbey. A headed goal by Tom Finney and a superb volley by Steve Spriggs gave United a fantastic 2-1 success. The next fairy tale in the cup run was against Coventry. Alan Taylor earned United a replay at home, but sadly, United's run ended in front of a crowd of 10,171.

I hope you have enjoyed reading my Magic Moments as a supporter of United, and I'm sure you too have many. But just look back a minute into the past and review United's amazing success story. Isn't it great?

by Graham Cramp



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United's gate is showing a slight loss on last season's average of 6,127; it has fallen to 5,959. Today's visitors, Bolton Wanderers are showing a staggering 40% average loss from 16,353 to around 10,100 and they are still having to play for Second Division survival this season. Should they stay up as expected the period between 1971 – 1973 will remain the only one in which Bolton have slipped below Division Two in their football league history which dates back to 1888 as original members of the league. They have won the F.A. Cup in 1923, 1926, 1929 and 1958 and of course that win in 1923 made them the F.A. Cup's first Wembley Winners. Their last spell in Division One began in 1978 after three amazing seasons in Division Two when they were on two occasions desperately unlucky to miss out on promotion. The manager responsible then was Ian Greaves and he was succeeded by Stan Anderson towards the end of last season which ended in relegation.

Viewpoint

An excellent point was won by United at Luton last week and well deserved it was too. **Richard Key** pulled off two outstanding saves and the back four were magnificent. Actually it was more of a back three for **Doug Evans** did a very efficient man for man marking job on **David Moss**. United were criticised for playing defensively but that was not the intension at the onset; it appeared merely that a loss of dominance in the midfield region had forced it. Actually it was Luton who took the defensive initiative deciding to play with a back four plus a sweeper combatting **John Docherty's** decision to play with three strikers away from home. I ask everyone who commented on United's so called defensive attitude, if they regard playing with three strikers away from home and a back three compatible with defensive intentions.



Doug Evans — excellent last Saturday

FREE
by Paul Douglas

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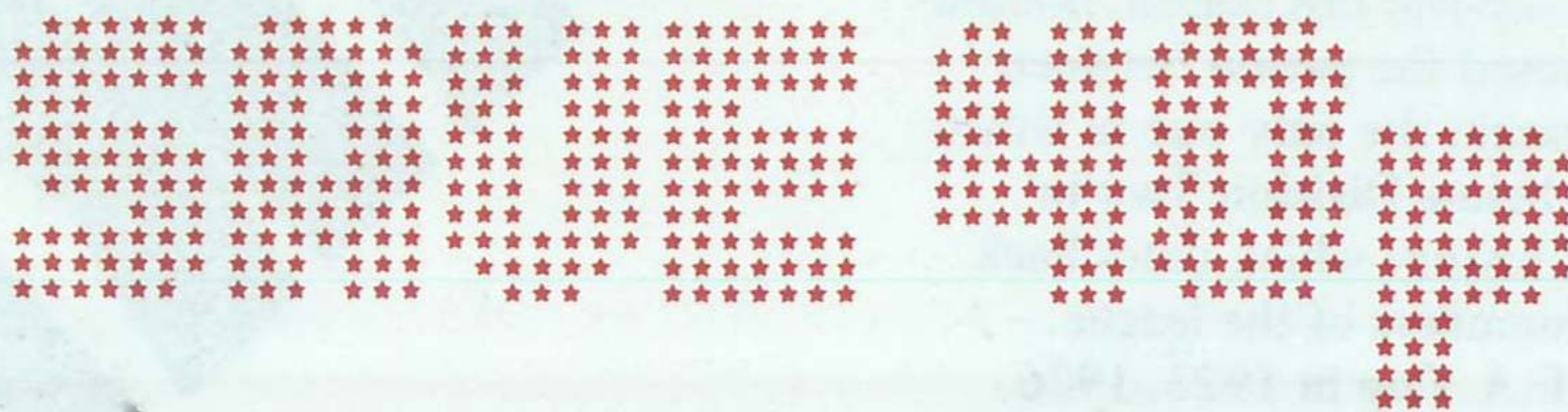
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A note to all programme collectors

It is our intention to hold our first programme fair on Monday, 4th May, as part of the 'Abbey Action' Open Day. Please put the date in your diary. If anybody has any particular wants regarding United league homes since 1970 I may be able to supply or I may be able to get assistance for you in obtaining copies. Please write to me c/o of the club.



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IDENTIKIT

YOUR IDEAL FOOTBALLER

BY ROB HUGHES OF THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE FIGURE is intentionally blank, but if you've half an hour to spare and a good eye for the great talents, it's yours to fill in as you will. Think of it as an identikit outline into which you, as the creator, are invited to piece together the great talents you have seen.

Starting at the top, for example, you could give him the forehead of Tommy Lawton, who surely equals any player who ever lived in the power and timing of his heading. If you missed him, it's doubtful you will see the like today, but a selection of modern-day headers to put under your thinking cap would perhaps include Joe Royle, Andy Gray, Frank Stapleton, Paul Mariner, David Johnson, Bob Latchford and David Cross.

Next, the eyes. Again, a player from the past, Alfredo di Stefano, can have no equal in the ability to take in the pattern of play, to foresee moves and openings. Internationally, Poland's Kazimierz Deyna had something of that ability, Frans Beckenbauer and Wilfried van Moer could see with a "wider" vision, Liam Brady has it, and at Ipswich Arnold Muhren spots manouvres ahead of time.

The mouth? Johan Cruyff gets into trouble through it on the pitch, but few players have ever proved more influential in the art of verbal communication to lesser colleagues. In this country, we've seen Terry Yorath lead Wales by word of mouth, Frank McLintock had the gift... but particularly if you're a terrace fan you'll have your own ideas on the players who make others run.

Jack Charlton stood head and shoulders above others when it came to a long, flexible neck for getting up in crowded goalmouths, though a Swede Ralf Edstrom has fair leverage too.

Travelling down, perhaps through the shoulders of Big John Charles, we reach the heart of Billy Bremner, the battler Don Revie always said he'd choose first at his side in the trenches. Archie Gemmill came out of the same mould, little Brian Flynn rarely knows when he's beaten, and Alan Ball wasn't noted for conceding many battles.

The elbows, a useful tool for discouraging opponents, were never more destructively used than on Italy's canary-raising Romeo "Assasino" Benetti. Joe Jordan at one time looked a possible rival.

Frank Swift, with a span of 11½ inches, probably had the biggest pair of hands in the business, though today Pat Jennings and Bristol City's recent import Jan Moller, are scarcely endowed with midget palms.

The torso, from where real, solid balance can derive, would have to belong to Gerd Muller, West Germany's unique, squat and phenomenal record goalscorer. His successor today would come from Argentina, Diego Mara-

dona, whose short, cube-like figure is as sturdy a tank as, say, the bulk of Everton's Bob Latchford.

Pele, who could fit into so many characteristics, fills out the thighs in our identikit man. He could catch the ball on his thigh as if it were a hand; from there came the strength to fortify genius, the power for those salmon-like leaps. Look today, even at a relatively slim player like Trevor Francis, and you will be surprised at the awesome muscular build in the thighs, as you will in Kenny Dalglish, the hardest man to shake off the ball in Britain.

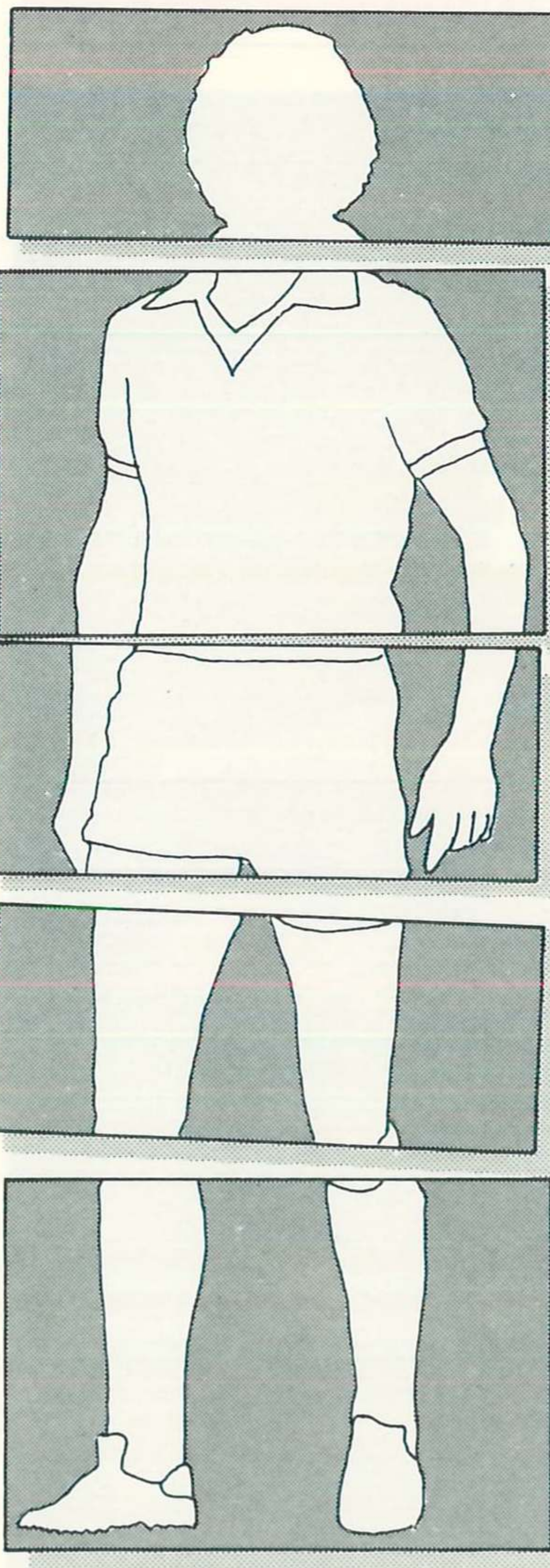
If Stanley Matthews from the past would be rivalled by European Footballer of the Year Karl-Heinz Rummenigge for the precision of his right foot, then Ferenc Puskas's almost infallible left was the supreme instrument ahead of Roberto Rivelino or Michel Platini who bend free-kicks like Uri Geller bends spoons or, from our league, Trevor Brooking, Tony Currie or Liam Brady created from midfield.

Finally, of the physical characteristics, we would endow our man with, the giant, loping stride of Gunter Netzer, longer it seemed than even John Charles or the Dutchman Wim van Hanegem.

But why stop at physical attributes? Speed, such as that of Trevor Francis, is the essence of modern play, and speed of thought as essential. And once we start looking internally at the brain-power that makes the complete player, the Eusebios and Beckenbauers, the Bests and Laws and Charltons, the Blanchflowers, Finneys, Haynes and Mannions crowd our attention.

Instincts, too: Pele, possibly supreme at turning fantasy into reality. Bobby Moore, for sheer, reassuring presence, or Dave Mackay for gusty leadership, were players of the spirit, as was John Giles.

In the end, it is as well the identikit is pure fiction, for the arguments and the choice between styles would drive you to distraction. Yet who would be master of the complete player? Di Stefano, Blanchflower, Cruyff...? Each controlled the moods and strategies of teams, as of course, did Beckenbauer. Many pros would point in the final analysis to Di Stefano, yet if heart as well as mind have a say in pointing to the player of longer-lasting impact on the mind's eye nothing and no-one blurs the memory of Pele.



Your ideal player?

As the transfer deadline approaches, Britain's wealthy soccer clubs step up their search for a crowd-pulling star who can satisfy the appetite of demanding fans and possibly strengthen their challenge for honours.

I said "possibly" because there are so few bargains to be found any more. In fact, the rich reservoir of talent in the lower divisions is drying up and there are few bargains to be picked up north of the border — a favourite hunting ground for First Division scouts.

One disillusioned First Division scout recently claimed: "I just can-

not remember a time when there were so few quality players available. Scotland used to be the place to pick up bargains, but not any more.

"Since Aberdeen sold Steve Archibald to Spurs for £800,000 in the summer the prices for most players has doubled and in some cases tripled. The fees they are asking now for average players are just ridiculous.

"Archibald was a very good buy for Spurs, even at £800,000. But there is nobody in his class north of the border today."

His views are supported by many First Division managers, including

West Brom boss Ron Atkinson.

Says honest Ron: "You tell me where I can pick up a player who will improve my side and I will go out and buy him. But we are not going to throw away money and pay inflated fees for players who have no more than potential and may never make it at First Division level."

One of the big Scottish attractions for the big spenders of the First Division is St Johnstone's 18-year-old striker Alastair McCoist.

He has been watched by all the big clubs, including Liverpool, Villa, Arsenal and West Brom. Scottish League champions Aberdeen have also expressed their interest, but St Johnstone are content to sit and wait on offers.

You can't blame them. McCoist has rocketed into the £300,000 class on the strength of some bright performances this season, and manager Alex Rennie knows that his value could quickly double before the transfer deadline. Whether he can realise that potential is another matter.

Several Scottish imports in the last few seasons have failed to make a big impact south of the border and First Division bosses are wary of getting their fingers burned at a time when finances are tight.

Teenage Celtic striker Charlie Nicholas is certainly proving a magnet for English clubs from Southampton to Newcastle, but many managers know it might take a small fortune to persuade Celtic to part.

Many of League's top clubs have now switched their sights to the continent. Arsenal have been regular visitors to Holland, while Brighton, Stoke, Coventry and Norwich have all been shopping in the "Common Market".

Nottingham Forest, who signed midfielder Raimondo Ponte from Zurich Grasshoppers last year, are also keen on at least one more foreign import.

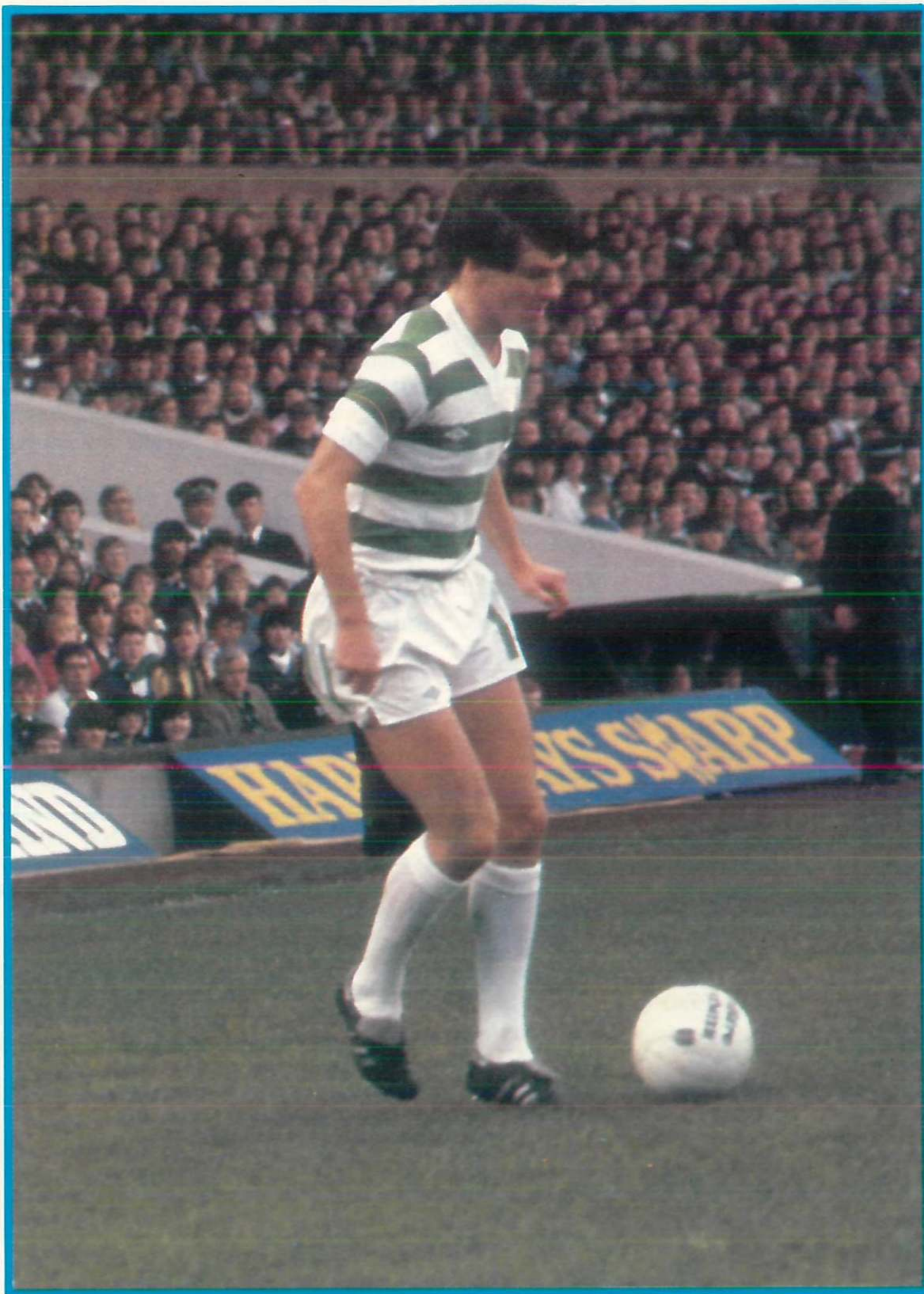
But manager Brian Clough, who is in the process of rebuilding the fading European champions, is unlikely to fork out another £1 million fee unless he can buy a player of proven quality. Trevor Francis was obviously a player worth that extravagant valuation by today's market standards, but Scottish striker Ian Wallace — another £1 million signing — has failed to make the expected impact since his summer transfer from Coventry.

Ironically, the departure of Wallace — a big favourite at Highfield Road — has accelerated the progress of Garry Thompson, who has now emerged as one of the brightest young strikers in the country. Shrewd Sky Blues boss Gordon Milne signed Birmingham-born Thompson for nothing. And that is one very good reason why First Division clubs know they must put their judgement and their future on the line every time they make a big signing.

STAR TREK

By RAY BRADLEY OF THE SUNDAY EXPRESS

Charlie Nicholas



Green



How green is my valley! That's what Charlton Athletic supporters are liable to be telling rival fans by the mid-eighties, when their massive Valley ground has been completely re-modernised.

Charlton are already making progress with converting their famous South London home into England's first all-seater stadium, holding a 36,000 capacity crowd.

Charlton have moved before a whole host of bigger and wealthier clubs, following the lead set so successfully by Aberdeen, whose Pittodrie Park home has become a sort of show house for British football.

But turning The Valley into 'an all-seater stadium is not the only change Charlton envisage.

Chairman Mike Gliksten is also keen on the idea of ground sharing — and playing on artificial turf!

Gliksten realises that the days when 75,000 people would pack the terraces at The Valley to cheer on Sam Bartram, Sailor Brown and Co., have long since gone.

But he can see a return to the First Division for a club which was once London's pride.

And when they get there, Gliksten wants Charlton to be ready to welcome the Liverpools, Arsenals, Manchester Uniteds and Nottingham Forests.

Certainly, manager Mike Bailey is on the right road. He has turned Charlton into serious promotion contenders.

He has got Derek Hales scoring goals again with the regularity of clockwork.

Hales has had an enigmatic career. "Blackbeard the Pirate", as he was known in his first spell with Charlton, was a scoring sensation.

He moved to Derby for a huge fee, but didn't really hit it off at the Baseball Ground. On to West Ham — but again he wasn't really happy.

Yet from the moment Hales returned to The Valley, the goals started to flow again. Could it be something to do with horses for courses? Or is there something in the South

London air that gets this swashbuckling striker going?

Whatever the reason, it's nice to see a club like Charlton coming back.

And it's nicer still to see a club like Charlton acting as pathfinders for some of their bigger, wealthier neighbours.

All-seater stadia are a must as we near the 21st century.

I have sat in grounds as far apart as Kuala Lumpur and Kilmarnock, Singapore and Sunderland, Madrid and Middlesbrough.

The most scenic was in Bergen, overlooking the fjords which inspired Greig's magnificent Norwegian music. The most impressive was in Yerevan, near Mount Ararat, where Noah's Ark came to rest after the Great Flood.

British soccer has nothing to compare with sights like these.

But at least clubs like Aberdeen and Charlton are trying to do something about it. Others seem content to remain in the Dark Ages.

By JAMES BOWEN

A Scottish Ingredient

By PETER CRANE

Brazil, Pele and Soccer have a synonymous ring to them – but no longer in Rio.

The scene has shifted to East Anglia, where Bobby Robson's Ipswich Town have become one of the most exciting club sides England has produced in years.

One of the main ingredients in Robson's refreshing recipe is Alan Brazil, their husky Scottish striker who has been dubbed "Pele" by his team-mates and fans alike.

It would be totally ridiculous to compare Brazil with the immortal, original Pele. Nor would this 21-year-old Glaswegian ever expect it.

But the very fact that he has

earned such an awesome alias proves beyond doubt that Brazil has arrived on the national and international scene to stay.

At first glance, Brazil and Pele could not be more unlike. Brazil is as fair as Pele is deep brown.

And where Pele was the supreme artist, the maestro, the soloist par excellence, Alan Brazil is the totally unselfish, hard-running, hard-working team member.

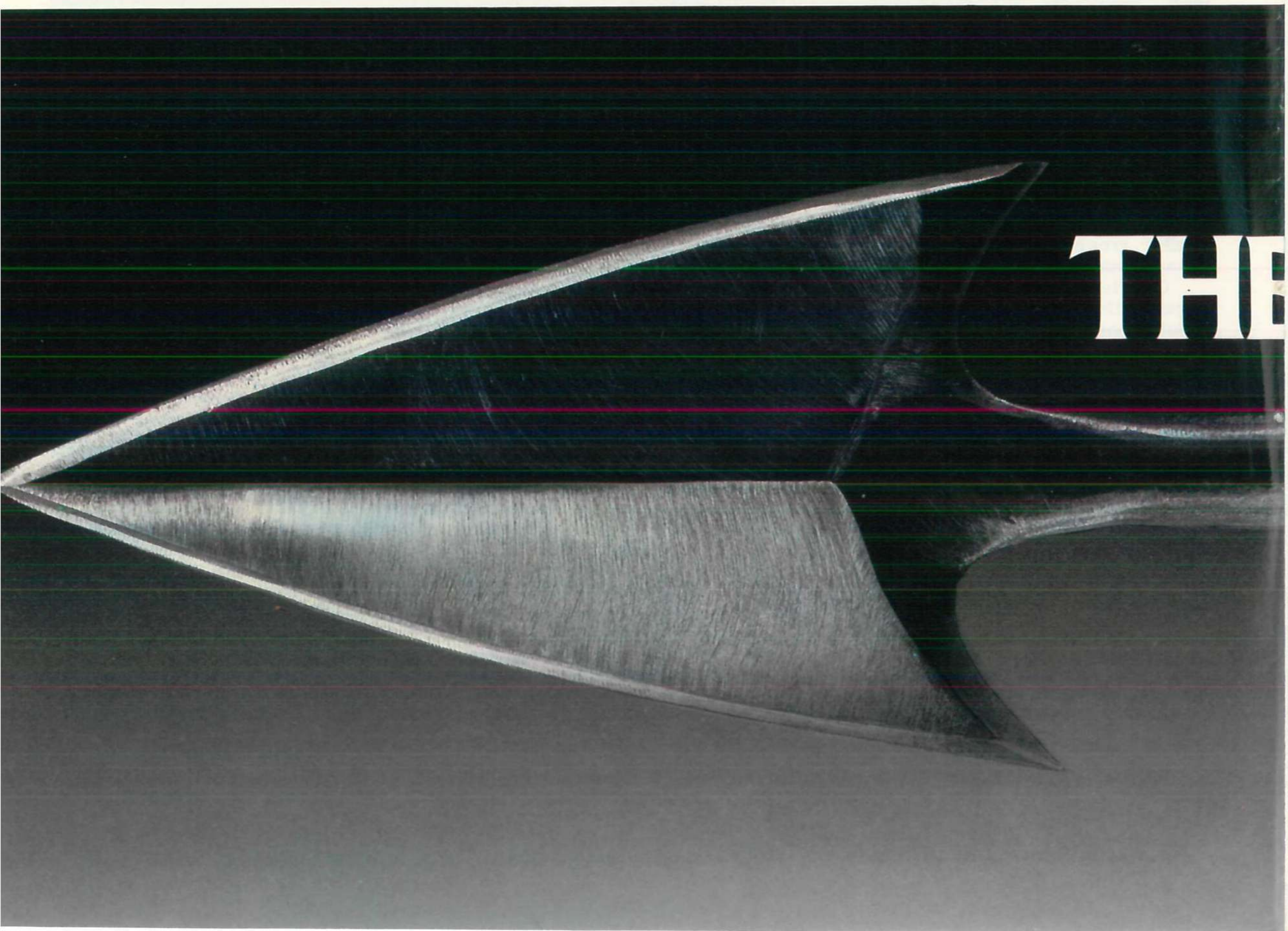
Yet there can be little doubt that Alan Brazil's contribution to the rise of Ipswich is almost as important as Pele's was to making Brazil World Champions.

The modest Brazil has never pushed himself. Indeed, I have seen him walk from the Ipswich dressing rooms after a match through a posse of Pressmen and say quietly: "Paul Mariner will be out in a minute."

Yet in a day and age when true soccer stars are the exception rather than the rule, Brazil is a star in his own right.

He has come a long way since, as a schoolboy, he once hit 62 goals in a season for Celtic Boys Club in his native Glasgow.

That youth side has no real affiliation to Celtic, but most of their starlets progress to Celtic Park.





Alan Brazil (Ipswich) and Danny Thomas (Coventry).

"A lot of my mates joined Celtic. I'm still a fan of theirs," says the man who has now won full Scotland honours.

"But when I received invitations to go for trials to Manchester United, Spurs and Ipswich, I felt I'd like to take the chance of becoming a professional south of the border if the offer came."

Ipswich made that offer, and it is something neither they nor Brazil have ever regretted.

A sharpening-up season playing for Detroit Express in the States — alongside Nottingham Forest's million-pound striker Trevor Francis — gave him that final polish which brought regular first-team football.

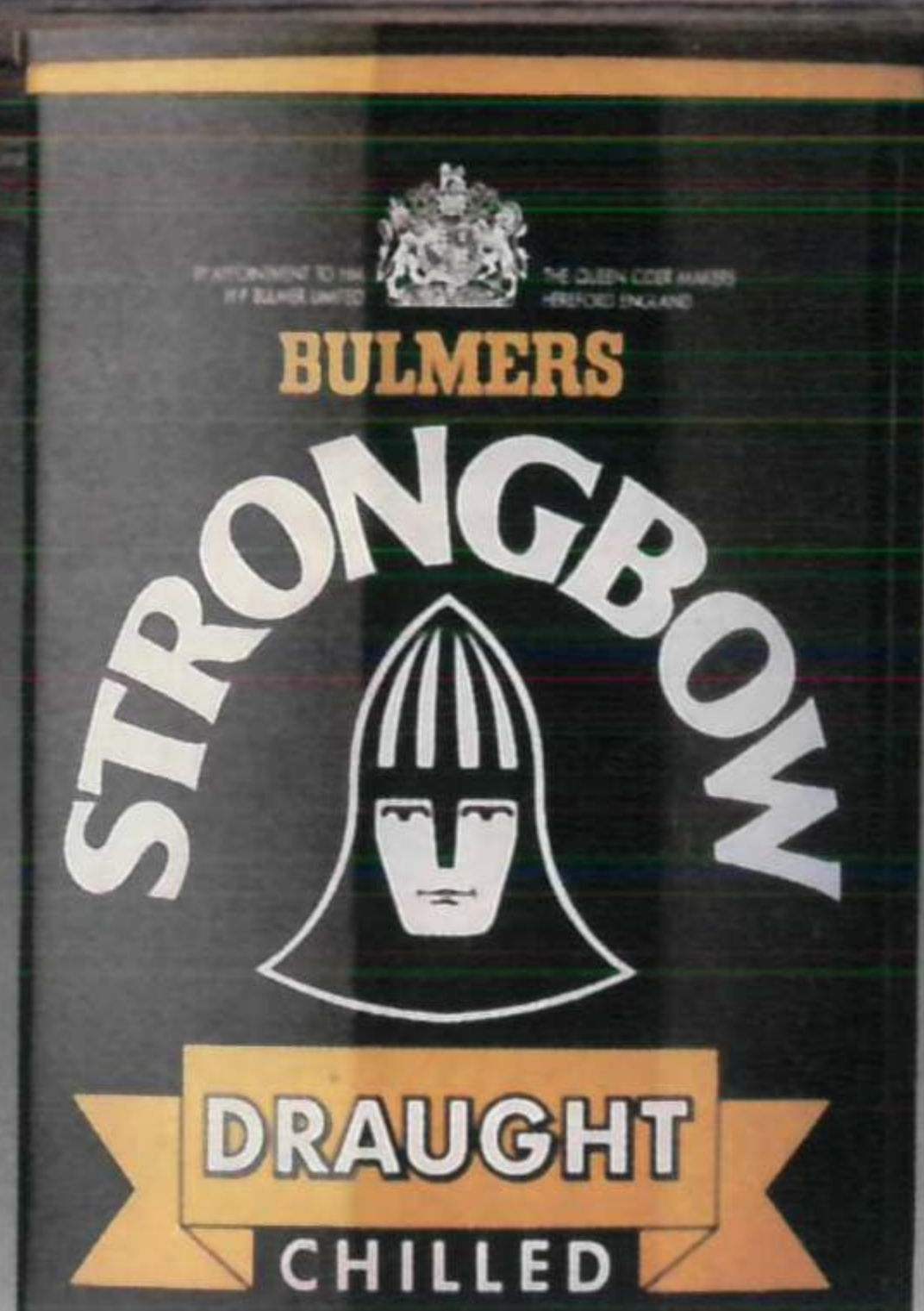
Now, he is an automatic Ipswich choice. A genuine goalscorer with the great gift of being unselfish. If Alan Brazil thinks someone is better positioned than he is himself, he'll willingly pass the ball to a colleague.

No player in the Ipswich side is more popular, with his mates and with the supporters.

But as we were saying at the start, Brazil, Pele and Soccer are synonymous. So they should be. Alan Brazil was brought up so close to Scotland's famous national home, Hampden Park, that he readily admits:

"As a kid, I could tell the score in big games just by the roars of the crowd."

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Russell Osman (Ipswich) tackles David Johnson (Liverpool)

FAMILIES

By ROBERT WALKER

SOCCER has long been a game of Happy Families — a game to be played and enjoyed by fathers and sons, brothers, uncles and cousins.

Think of the past happy-family links. Jack and Bobby Charlton probably became British soccer's most famous brothers ever when they appeared together in England's World Cup winning side at Wembley.

"Wor" Jack and Bobby, still described by his brother as "Our Kid", are connected to the famous Geordie family, Milburn, whose most famous member was the legendary Jackie.

Then, of course, Wales have produced the famous family Jones, which included Bryn, Cliff, and my journalist friend and colleague Ken.

Wales also gave us the Charles family, John and Mel, and latterly Mel's son Jeremy at Swansea. And of course the Allchurch brothers, Ivor and Len.

England gave soccer and cricket the Comptons, Denis and Leslie, and those famous goalscorers, Jack and Arthur Rowley.

Northern Ireland contributed Danny and Jackie Blanchflower. And so it goes on....

More recently, we've had the

Black Country's contribution — the Clarke brothers, headed by Leeds United's young boss, Allan.

The father and son combination is carried on by Mark Hateley, who is following in father Tony's footsteps at Coventry, and by Clive Allen, son of the famous Les, and cousin of West Ham's Paul.

Yet there is a less well-known but nevertheless highly successful Happy Families situation at Ipswich, where Rex Osman runs the club's "Centre Spot" restaurant.

Rex is a former Derby County wing-half, and father of Russell Osman, Town's brilliant young central defender who is being tipped as a certainty to star for England through the 1980s.

But the amazing family Osman have more claims to fame than that!

Eldest son Mark, now in the catering trade in Sheffield, was an England schoolboy rugby-union captain — a job he was succeeded in by Russell.

Younger brother Simon is playing in Leicestershire football, and, according to dad, has the ability to go as far as Russell.

Youngest son Russell is in the

Leicestershire Schools side already, and has had several boys' trials with Ipswich.

So it's possible that Rex Osman could well see three of his lads join the professional ranks.

"I'd be delighted," says the likeable Rex, who says his days in the Derby first-team were limited, and back in the past "when newspapers and television hadn't been thought about".

Rex says he has never forced his sports-loving sons into any games. "Apart from siring them, I can take no real credit for their ability, or their keenness," he says.

"But if the two younger boys did follow Russell into professional sport, I'd be delighted.

"For football now is a lucrative profession. For the players who really reach the top, the rewards can be great.

"Let's face it, some players these days are earning more than brain surgeons."

I've mentioned a few members of soccer's great "Happy Families" game. Bet you can think of dozens more.

Lawrie McMenemy, the genial giant who has done so much to put Southampton on the footballing map, is one of several top Football League managers whose own playing careers were less than auspicious, proving perhaps that you don't have to be a good player to become a good manager.

Maybe if McMenemy's own playing days had not been ended by injury virtually before they had begun, he might have followed in the illustrious footsteps of his father's cousin, who played for Newcastle United in the 1932 FA Cup Final, a match won against all the odds by the Tynesiders, who beat the mighty Arsenal 2-1 despite being a goal down after only 15 minutes -- the first time in a Wembley Final that the side that scored first was beaten! Anyway, it was not to be, and after playing for the local non-League stars of Bishop Auckland and being on the books at Newcastle United and Gateshead (his birthplace), the McMenemy talents were turned to coaching.

A spell at Sheffield Wednesday led to the Manager's job at Doncaster Rovers, held from 1968 to 1971. Here in 1969 the Fourth Division Championship was clinched. At Grimsby Town from 1971 to 1973, McMenemy and his methods of management saw further success when the club landed the Fourth Division Championship in 1972. In June 1973, on the recommendation of Don Revie, Lawrie McMenemy found himself signing on as Assistant-Manager at unfashionable Southampton, where Manager Ted Bates was getting ready to call it a day. That day came in November 1973, when the sign on the door was changed to read 'Manager McMenemy'.

Since then, Southampton have had an FA Cup triumph as a Second Division club, regained their First Division status, and are now one of the country's premier clubs again.

Many of the players who have served under 'Big Mac' at the Dell have notched up honours, none more so than current favourites Kevin Keegan, Mike Channon, Dave Watson and Charlie George -- all with far better playing credentials than their boss. Lawrie McMenemy is well aware of this, and yet when I spoke to him at the Dell recently I was admiring once again his calm professional attitude to his job.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR

What strikes you first about Lawrie McMenemy is his wonderful sense of humour, and here I think is a clue to what can often turn a good manager into an excellent one.

One manager who throughout his

footballing life has certainly needed a strong sense of humour is Colin Murphy. He took over at Lincoln City in November 1978. Murphy was on the books of Crystal Palace as a player but never played a single League game. Injury having ended his playing career, Murphy turned to coaching and proved first-rate. He was the Reserve Team coach at Derby County when the club offered him the Manager's post with them. That was in January 1977, and at 33 he was, when appointed, the First Division's youngest boss. Sadly, it was a short-lived reign, and in September of that year he was relieved of the job. Badly bruised and shaken by this experience, Colin Murphy is such a pleasant, dedicated man that his talent was soon in use again, and he stands out as an example of what can be achieved by someone with a great knowledge of the game but with a non-existent League playing career.

Not every football story, though, has a fairy tale ending. Mike Smith's football career was concentrated in the amateur game. He was a member of Great Britain's Olympic Football team in 1960. The man with that most English of surnames enjoyed great success as Manager of the Welsh National teams from 1974 to 1979, but in December 1979 he was persuaded to take over at Hull City. The 'Tigers' seem rather toothless these days, and for the unfortunate Smith it has turned into a horror story.

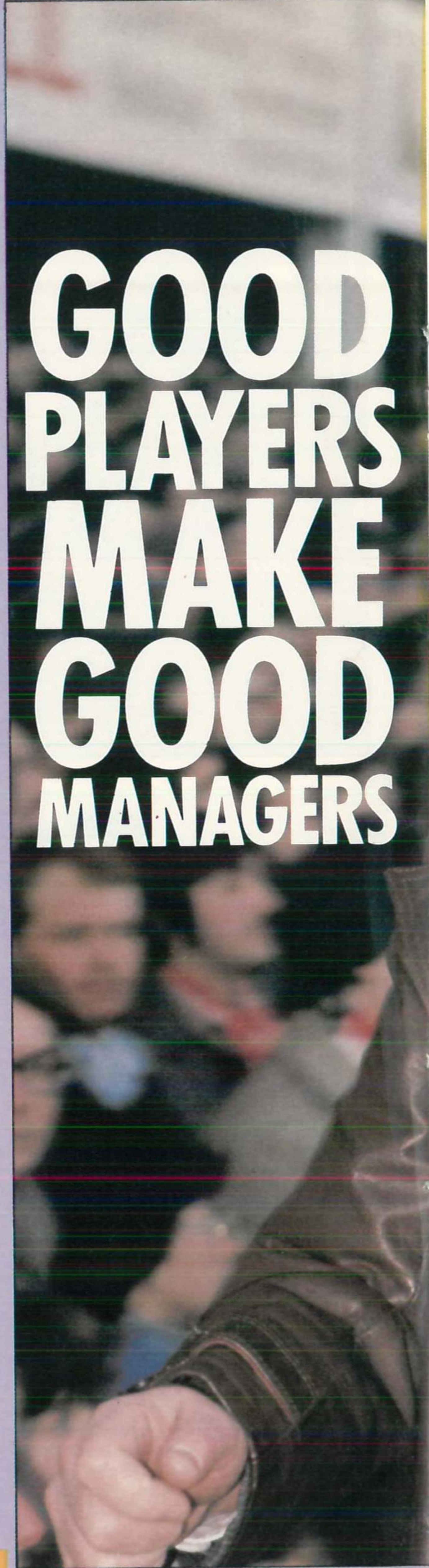
In a playing career lasting ten years and ending in injury in 1961, Dave Sexton, the Manchester United Manager, saw service with five League clubs and yet rarely caused much of a stir. How things changed for Sexton (an excellent coach who early in life wanted to become a priest) when he used that coaching talent! In charge at Chelsea, he guided the club to their first-ever FA Cup win in 1970 and added the European Cup Winners' Cup to their sideboard a year later. The following year saw Chelsea as League Cup finalists.

Born in London's tough Islington area in April 1930, the son of a professional boxer, Dave Sexton is one of soccer's nice guys, a wonderful public relations man and a fine ambassador for the game he loves. He has always been distressed that a small element of the supporters of the clubs he has managed sometimes do the game so much harm by their loutish behaviour.

MR. MIDDLESBROUGH

You probably don't remember much about the playing career of John Neal either. A full-back with Hull City from 1949 to 1955, Swindon Town (1956-58), Aston

GOOD PLAYERS MAKE GOOD MANAGERS





...or do they?

Villa (1959-63) and Southend United (1964-67), it was not until he took over the Manager's job at Wrexham that Neal's name began to mean anything to football fans.

Yet another of those so-successful Geordies from North Shields, John Neal took over at Middlesbrough in May 1977, and with limited resources has continued and advanced the excellent work done at the club by Jack Charlton before his departure for Sheffield Wednesday.

The quiet man behind the success of Notts County was born in Glasgow in February 1922, but I doubt whether you recall Jimmy Sirrell as a player with Celtic, Bradford Park Avenue, Brighton and Aldershot? No. But even worse, you've probably forgotten that he was manager at Brentford from 1965 to 1969, then Manager of Notts County from 1969 to 1975! During his first spell at the Meadow Lane ground, County were **Fourth Division Champions**, with a record number of points, and were Third Division runners-up in the 1972-73 season. Between 1975 and 1977, Sirrel was Manager at Sheffield United, but following his sacking from that club he returned in October 1977 to Notts County, who, in the meantime, had obviously realised his true worth. Here he began the team-building which has taken the League's oldest club to the threshold of the First Division.

Many of the clubs who are finding the going tough this season can boast managers with marvellous playing records. Brighton's Alan Mullery picked up almost every honour going during his distinguished playing career, including 35 England caps. Terry Cooper of Bristol Rovers was capped 19 times by England during his time playing top flight soccer with Leeds United, but has yet to taste any managerial success. Fellow England star 'Nobby' Stiles, with 28 international awards, including the World Cup Winners' medal, must be finding a very different atmosphere at Preston North End after his heady days at **Old Trafford**. Blackpool's Alan Ball, too, capped 56 times for England and, always at the top, must be wondering what he has done to upset the gods now that he's in the Manager's hot seat.

Finally, spare a thought for John McGrath at Port Vale. Not enjoying much success at the foot of the Fourth Division these days, he was a fine defender in his playing days. It must seem longer ago than February 1961 when his move from Bury to Newcastle United cost £30,000 or the time when he was an Under-23 International. But then a week is often a lifetime in football. Ask Malcolm Allison!

By GRAHAM SPIERS

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

YOU cannot, thank goodness, keep the skilled individual down; however much the Alf Ramsey era in England, the Claudio Coutinho regime in Brazil (a far worse offender) may have done their best to achieve it. Ramsey's Wingless Wonders of 1966, with their dire emphasis on something called Work Rate, may have won the World Cup, but they set English football back for years. The moment of truth, for me, came in Berlin in 1972 when England, beaten 3-1 at home in the first leg Nations Cup semi-final by West Germany, put out a craven team of cloggers in the return; a team which could not, by the wildest stretch of imagination,

have managed anything better than the craven 0-0 draw it got.

Afterwards, Gunter Netzer, the brilliant West German inside-left, remarked drily, "The whole England team has autographed my leg." That, effectively, was the end of the Ramsey era, even though it dragged on for another, embarrassing, two years. It was followed, after that happy parenthesis of 1974 under Joe Mercer, when fine individuals were actually encouraged to play, by the still worse regime of Don Revie. Things, now, are a little better; but there is still much room for improvement.

Brazil, under the likeable polyglot Claudio Coutinho, were a per-

BACK COMES THE INDIVIDUAL



Klaus Alooß (West Germany).

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FACED with a world where the car in your life may be made at the rate of a thousand a day, or even double that in the case of the *really* successful models, how do you stay an individual?

For many younger motorists—and some experts who have been in the game for longer than the youngsters could read—the answer is contained in the word *customising*.

What does it mean?

Basically tailoring any vehicle, and I mean *any* car or van, to suit your own tastes.

Of course there are very few people who really have the strength of character and imagination to set their own style in cars. So many of the 'customised' cars appear with the same features!

CHARACTER

The idea is to look for a mass production car that is cheap to buy on the secondhand market, yet has enough character to be remembered by others with affection.

Thus cars like the old Ford Populars and Zephyrs are favourites, along with the primeval Popular, in Britain. In the States, where this kind of work inevitably started, the choice would probably be between a General Motors machine like a 1957 Chevrolet, complete with fins enough to scare a killer shark, to a Ford Thunderbird, Mustang, or something from almost any 1930s manufacturer.

Because the cult came from America there was a very strong influence from the straight line quarter mile acceleration sport they call Drag Racing.

So, you may see cars with enormous back wheels, elevated rear ends (possibly illuminated in the really rude examples!) and tiny front wheels, cruising in the popular spots like the Kings Road, Chelsea. These are based on the genuine competition altered cars that had these features plus an enormous (and prob-

ably supercharged) American V8 engine hiding within their innocent old-fashioned outline.

Such cars have enormous straight-line speed in competition trim, maybe reaching over 140 mph in 440 yards from standstill (about 400 metres, if you are a metric swinger).

In Britain they may seem a bit pointless because we have these frequent natural phenomena known as Bends, Curves or Corners!

MAGAZINES

That has not deterred the youth of Britain. The idea of customising your car has caught on in a big way. There are now two or three specialist magazines following in the footsteps of the irreverent pacesetter in this field, *Custom Car*.

... And their readership adds up to a sizeable percentage of all motoring magazines sold. Articles on how to do anything from a paint touch-in job to creating a brand new look for almost any unpromising machine around, and most of the young readership seem to love it.

Quite how the British were convinced that their machinery and climate could adapt to the California Surfing/Detroit V8 world of Customs is difficult to establish. Magazine articles and importation of genuine American quarter mile specialists to show how it should be done, must have made some difference.

"IMAGE"

Of course the biggest boost came from television coverage, not only of racing but also BBC Nationwide's interest in the custom shows that have been organised in many British cities, usually by *Custom Car*, notably in Bristol and London.

Naturally the big manufacturers had to get in on this 'individual'

customising act too . . . that is, if they wanted to look as though they wanted to sell cars to youngsters: image, they call it in the business!

Rather like motorcycles, the first car customising steps from big manufacturers have come on a racing theme. Thus we have cars offered like the Vauxhall Chevette HSR 2300, and the Ford X-pack series, which means a range of Fords tricked up to look very different, and often to corner and go in straight line in a way that is *very* different, and a lot more fun, than the standard product.

DIFFERENT

Initially the idea was providing a car that the manufacturer could use in competition (eg Ford Escort TG/RS 1600/RS 1800 series), but now Ford especially seem to have caught on to the idea that people may want a car that looks different, but still has standard straightline performance in terms of (most important) mpg and speed.

Thus the X-series of cars. These are special parts, particularly noticeable for the large wheels and wheel arch extensions, plus stripes and special paints, that they offer on popular cars like Fiesta, Capri and Escort.

We all know Escort has been recently changed to front drive, but I've driven the ultimate Ford offer in Fiestas (a 1600 capable of 105 mph plus and over 26 mpg) and Capris (130 mph, and cornering better than a Porsche) in the X-series and can only say, if your dealer's got a demonstrator, give it a try! The prices are high, but maybe it will give you ideas for what you want out of mass production cars, ideas that you can blend with the makers' ideas.

Motoring with Jeremy Walton

BRIAN GLANVILLE



WRITES

People tend to discuss football as though it were in some sense an exact science, a thing of tactics, strategies and predictable consequences, in which logic played an overriding part. Games are talked about in prospect, and even when they are over, as if it were possible to analyse them almost mathematically. It team A had done this, then team B couldn't have done that. The trouble is, logic is always falling to pieces, intelligent forecasts are forever being turned upside down; a kind of anarchy seems to steel into the game. Perhaps, come to think of it, that is the essence of its enduring charm.

Let us get down to cases. Some weeks ago, the French international team, including several players from the famous Saint Etienne club, went to play West Germany in Hanover. They were thrashed 4-1, even though the Germans were without their probable European Footballer of the Year, Karl Heinz Rommenigge. The French were scarcely in the game at all, the mighty German centre-forward, Horst Hrubesch, played ducks and drakes with their defence, and French critics were left miserably admitting that while their youth teams were often good enough to beat the Germans - as they had been at this very time, in Monaco - by the age of 22 or so, the Germans were far ahead, physically superior, immensely better endowed with stamina.

One week passed. Harold Wilson has told us that a week is a long time in politics. It appears to be quite a long time in football. At the end of that week, Saint Etienne were due in their turn in the North of Germany to meet Hrubesch and Manny Kaltz's Hamburg team in the UEFA Cup. There seemed no doubt about it; they would be butchered to make a German Holiday.

What happened? They proceeded to win 5-0. Michel Platini, who had done nothing at all to speak of for France against West Germany, scored two of the goals, one of them an amazing effort direct from a free kick in which he struck the ball with the inside of his right foot and swerved it over the wall into the top left hand corner of the net. "The most fantastic event since man

walked on the moon?" demanded one leading French critic. "Don't bother to look. It happened last Wednesday night at the Volkspark Stadium in Hamburg in front of a crowd so stunned that it hadn't even the strength to get angry".

What are we to make of that; the more so as, in the interim, Saint Etienne had managed to lose a League match on their own ground 2-1 to the unfancied, newly promoted, Tours team?

national team competing in the finals of the European Nations Cup. To everyone's surprise, Kubala and Barcelona made a disastrous beginning. They were thrashed time and again on their own ground, bundled out of the UEFA Cup by Cologne, till finally and humiliatingly, Kubala got the sack; only a few months into the season.

Whom to appoint? Barcelona brought back the veteran Helenio Herrera, now in his sixties, who had

**IT'S ALL
IN THE MIND**

But then, football is full of mysteries. People are still trying to work out just how Watford managed to whack seven goals past Southampton this season in the Football League Cup; not to mention putting another four past Nottingham Forest. As that same French critic remarked about Saint Etienne's win, a 1-0 success would have been saluted as a great achievement; and so it would in the case of Watford. Seven goals! Against Southampton!

With the reigning England centre-half in the Southampton defence. I wasn't there that night, and I have still to hear a fully satisfactory explanation. The truth seems to be that Southampton were, like Hamburg, too confident in their approach to the game, and that once an early goal had gone in, they were simply unable to redress their balance.

If it is not all in the mind, then much of it seems to be. How is it that little Wales have traditionally been able to transform, like an alchemist, the equivalent of gold into dross, turn ordinary players into heroes for an afternoon, once they put on the magical red shirt? How is it that a team which has played wretchedly under one manager is suddenly transformed as soon as he is replaced; even though time may show that he is really no better than his predecessor. If you want a recent example of this, look what happened this season at Barcelona.

Last summer, they sacked their manager, Rife, and appointed in his place Ladislao Kubala, then serving as manager of the Spanish inter-

briefly taken them over last season, but whose real period of glory there had taken place nearly twenty years ago, when he got them to the European Cup Final. After his short, remedial, spell last season, Herrera, who was later the successful manager of Internazionale, the Milanese team, was put out to graze. The club kept him on the pay roll as a kind of super scout, domiciled in Venice. Malign wags suggested that he had been appointed their ambassador to Venice.

Well, back he came to succeed Kubala, and at once everything began to go right both at home and away, not least when Barcelona beat their deadliest rivals, Real Madrid, 2-1 at Nou Camp.

All in the mind? Have you ever considered how great an advantage it is for a team to play at home; and why it should be so? Logically, especially when the visiting team does not travel from abroad, it should surely not be so great. True, the home players know the ground better, but except in unusual cases, when pitches are very cramped or sloped, there is not much difference between one and another, while soccer pros are hardened to putting up with the hostility of away crowds. Yet to win at home is infinitely more common than to win away; even if in these tactical times, an away team is actually likely to be given more space for its counter attacks because the home team traditionally takes the initiative.

Again, it seems to me that subjective reasons enter the argument. It's all - or almost all - in the mind.

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by Eric Nicholls

Select a 10p coin, toss it in the air, catch it on the back of your hand, and take a look to see whether it's heads or tails. That's the way I suggest you play your own guessing game concerning the "Is he...isn't he...will he...won't he" wheeling and dealing in football around the world.

Never has a saying been closer to the mark than the old one that tells you to believe nothing you hear, and only half of what you see.

We would not, of course, accuse any clubs of operating nice little publicity stunts! But just think back to the chasing of Johan Neeskens by Nottingham Forest, despite the fact that on his own admission Neeskens was at the time engaged in hitting the bottle, among other things, in New York.

Then there was Forest's interest in René van der Kerkhof. Really? To say nothing of Forest's alleged interest in Mario Kempes, who happened to be collecting a lot of tax-free money from Valencia, whose interest happened to be revealed a few days before Forest's home leg against Valencia in the European Super Cup.

Arsenal wanted Johan Cruyff. And it so happened that his first appearance for the Gunners would have been as a guest player in the friendly at Highbury against Tony Woodcock's FC Cologne. Hmm!

And when it comes to Frank Arnesen, the brilliant young Danish international who is captain of Ajax, the names of clubs determined to snap him up would fill more than a page — and include our own Forest, Arsenal and Leeds United.

Psst, want a bet? Time — or that 10p coin — will tell, but I reckon this Euro chase will get Arnesen a bigger and better contract to keep him with Ajax for a long time.

So it goes on. Oh, I almost forgot. Napoli wanted to keep Ruud Krol and, as I told you recently, Vancouver Whitecaps insisted he was back in Canada for the start of the American season. Well, Napoli have engineered an about-turn by Vancouver. Krol is now on a three-year contract with Napoli and they have forked out a cool one-and-a-half million quid for him. Not bad for a 32 year-old.

Who could possibly say 'No' if the Dutch FA offered them the post of national coach? Well, Rinus Michels has. He prefers to stay with FC Cologne. Michels knows more than most about the job. He was the national boss for the 1974 World Cup finals. But, of course, times change, and with Holland going through a difficult period of re-building, life will be tough for the new boss.

Dr Artemio Franchi is an Italian and also chairman of UEFA. Well, after that organised chaos in Italy last June for the final stages of the European Nations Cup, he and his UEFA chaps have at last seen the light.

Following more criticism than the white-collar gents of any FA, including European rulers, can take in peace, UEFA have decided that the organisation and pattern of run-up to the final in 1984 might possibly be changed.

Eight nations will compete in the final stages, but how the competition will be run will be talked about at a special conference in July. About time!

Whatever nice-talking chaps like Gordon Jago say about football in the United States, it must be streets behind Europe and South America as a serious sport.

By this I mean the game, not the marketing and public relations, in which the Americans have taught us a few things.

Let's be honest. It still remains a camping ground for elderly football gentlemen. Bernd Holzenbein, skipper of Eintracht Frankfurt, is the latest to sign the necessary bit of paper that will take him to the States when his West German contract ends this season. He's going to Fort Lauderdale for two years and he happens to be 34. There he will join players like Jan van Beveren and Lex Schoenmaker, ex-Dutch internationals, and, you've guessed it, also in their thirties.

With only five months to go before the World Cup Group match against Uruguay and Columbia, little Peru have no national coach. The Argentinian, Juan Carlos Lorenzo, has left the post for "personal reasons".

Could be an old substitute from the Peru dugout. Marcos Calderon, who was their chief coach during the 1978 World Cup finals, has been coaching Sporting Cristal, the Peru champions, and has dropped a hint that he might be interested in getting his old job back. Maybe the Peru 'referees' should wave on No 12.

May 15 is going to be quite a day in the Parc des Princes Stadium. France play Brazil in a friendly, which is interesting enough for European coaches to update their information books.

But Pele is to get a special trophy as "Champion of the Century", organised by a French sports paper. Sprinter Jesse Owens was second, just nine votes behind Pele. Belgian Eddy Merckx, winner of the Tour

de France, and not so long ago the world's top cyclist, was third.

* * * *

Ajax have created another little note for their record books. They've passed the 5,000 mark for goals in official competition games. The guy who got No. 5,000 was Tscheu La Ling. You could say that the Dutch are running out of luck if they have to send for a Chinaman to set records.

With a name like that, no doubts about his ancestry. BUT... while La Ling's parents are Chinese, he was born in Holland, carries a Dutch passport and is a Dutch international.

* * * *

The Dutch have got themselves a new national coach. Kees Rijvers is not exactly well known outside Holland, but he did play for Feyenoord, St. Etienne, and is an old Dutch international. As a coach he is the ex-boss of Philips sponsored PSV.

But the important fact is that he is Dutch. The Dutch Coaches Association protested to the KNVB (Dutch FA) that no way should they appoint yet another foreigner to run the national team.

Ernst Happel, who finished in Argentina in 1978, was the last foreigner in charge, but their number has included over the years Englishman Dennis Neville.

This time Holland had Happel, plus Feyenoord chief coach Vaclav Jezek (Czechoslovakia) high on their wanted list after Rinus Michels had rejected a move from FC Cologne.

You would have thought that a country like Holland, which has given us so much over the past 10 years, would have automatically gone for one of their own nationals to build the new Holland. But when it comes to organisation they could still learn a lot from us.

* * * *

Talking of Dutchmen, it would be a good idea if somebody gave Franz Beckenbauer the tip that the World

Cup game between West Germany and Austria on April 29 — his possible come-back day — will be controlled by Dutch referee Charles Corver.

So, what's special about that? Remember England v Brazil at Wembley, when the Brazilians kicked about everything except the ball? And remember Arsenal v Juventus (first leg) when David O'Leary lost count of the stitches he needed in a shin wound and all the Italian guy got was a little yellow card? Well, that man Corver was in charge of both! Enough said.

* * * *

Jolanda de Rover, Brigitte Hemeltjen, Ingrid Visser, Yvonne van de Hurk, plus Fred Eefting, Berjan Cornelisse, Edward Maasdijk and Kees Vervoorn. Now there's an interesting set of names for you, particularly since they are all going to Barcelona.

Remember what we told you recently about the Spanish climbing down to recognise women's football? Well, before you get the idea Barcelona intend to field a few glorious shaped ladies to pack their stadium, we had better be honest and admit that this mixed bunch make up a swimming team that is taking part in an international meeting in the Barcelona baths. Still, could be enough to attract the attention of a few Barcelona football fans!

* * * *

Despite FIFA's efforts to cool it in South America, the chances are still on that Brazil will be given two choices to stage a World Cup. Officially, their name is pencilled in for the 1994 finals. But... nobody is yet certain whether Colombia will be able to put on the 1986 finals. When you look down south from the USA, you get the impression that however old the place might be, England could still stage manage the World Cup affair in stadiums like dear old Wembley!

* * * *

Bad news for David Loggie, the English striker with Dutch club

Sparta, managed by Welshman Barry Hughes. He's had a great season till now. But a hip bone injury has proved serious enough for the club doctors and specialists to advise a four months rest from the game. That means, needless to say, an early bath as far as this season is concerned.

* * * *

Maybe those nasty East German government people read about people from East European countries who had used football tournaments as a means of escape.

Three East German national players got themselves arrested because there were suspicions that they just might try to sneak over the border into West Germany.

The trio, all from Dinamo Dresden, were Gerhard Weber, Mathias Muller and Peter Kotte. They were due to fly off to play against Argentina.

Trouble was the news of their intentions leaked out *before* they left East Berlin Airport. How lucky can you be!

* * * *

When in trouble send for an Englishman to help you. That's what Heracles have done. This club are too close to the bottom of the Dutch second division for comfort, so they have signed George Cooper, a 24-year-old midfielder from St. Albans City. He's the second player they have grabbed from St. Albans. The first was Gerry Kerr, a 19-year-old striker. Now, we'll see what the British can do.

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Now the dust has settled from the aftermath of John Lennon's tragic death, it is perhaps possible to consider what his direct and indirect influence on the future will be.

Certainly the time and method of his unfortunate demise has added considerably to Lennon's already considerable mystique. Only weeks after a comeback and on the threshold of a completely new chapter in his life and career, it was almost as if he was savagely cut down in his prime. And, naturally, the shooting itself could not have been more sensational. Old age and fulfilled lives rarely breed legends with such an aura of tragedy about them.

History will undoubtedly hold Lennon up as one of the most important and influential people of his generation. It was significant that on the last night of the 1960s the David Frost programme voted Lennon the most important person of the decade, again a decade whose significance has still to be fully appreciated. There can be hardly a person in the world under the age of 35 whose life has not been influenced by the culture shock

brought about by the arrival of The Beatles. Popular music, the only language understood by the younger generation in such culturally different places as Tokyo, Moscow, Berlin, Rio de Janeiro, London, Paris and Lusaka, would not have advanced to the great extent that it has today. It is doubtful if we'd be wearing our hair over our ears. Liverpool would be lacking in much romance and the entire Sixties youth movement and all its spin-offs (Vietnam, art, poetry, fashion, design, protest movements, drugs, etc.) would have surely lacked impetus and, more likely as not, failed to have got off the ground.

It is perhaps as a heavy influence on these broader issues for which Lennon will be remembered, in addition to his undoubted, albeit unorthodox, musicianship. No Lennon, no love-ins — and the mind boggles at the chain reaction that would have halted!

What our children and grandchildren deduce from the whole period we cannot be sure, but undoubtedly the Beatles, and thus Lennon's, contribution will never

be overlooked.

In most immediate terms, it doesn't look as if the consumer is showing any indication of tiring of Lennon's work. Aside from the posters, T-shirts and so on that are selling as fast as they can be produced, records with which Lennon was either directly or indirectly connected have continued to sell with the same initial hysteria that greeted the news of his death on that awful morning of December 8th, 1980. It's beginning to look as though a Lennon record will be in the Singles and/or Album Charts for the whole of 1981. It's gratifying to note too that, on the whole, the tragedy of his death is not being greeted with the same uncontrolled exploitation that marred the death of, for instance, Elvis Presley.

The man was more than something special. His vision was remarkable, even up to his death, of which he said in 1965: "What worries me is that one day a loony will come up and God knows what will happen then." Fifteen years after he said that, we found out.



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SPORTOPIA POET OF THE 1980/81 SEASON

Soccer poets

We wish to express our thanks to all persons who have sent poems to us — the response has been overwhelming. We will never be able to publish in this season all the excellent poems submitted. Originally the competition was to be judged on all poems PUBLISHED. Due to the response we now feel that it is only fair to judge all the poems RECEIVED for the Sportopia Poet of the Season. The winner will receive a £250.00 cheque and the 2 runners up will each receive cheques for £50. In addition a special Prize will be awarded to the Sportopia Junior Poet (under 16 years of age).

As the standard of many poems has been so high — sometime in the future we may publish a book of all your poems. We therefore request that any persons having objections to us maybe using their poems in the future should state so in writing to us.

A MORALISTIC TALE OF HOW NOT TO TEACH SOCCER IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA

I was on holiday in Africa,
When besieged by a group of boys,
Who wanted to know about soccer,
The rules, the skills, the ploys.

Well I was slightly flumuxed,
So I wandered about my hut,
And decided I would have a go,
And we played with a coconut.

I thought we'd start with heading,
But when the nut hit head,
I spent the next couple of days
Visiting the lads in bed!

But determined not to give up,
We eventually got a ball,
And I taught them how to dribble,
Which didn't please their mothers at all.

After a couple of exhausting days,
The lads were ready for a game,
And it was just like Wembley,
When the whole village came.

The red loin cloths against the blue,
And I was the referee,
But I tripped and fell on my whistle,
And eventually found my pea.

The sun blazed down, the game began,
The crowds were wild with glea,
Or so I thought from the native cries,
Which was really abuse at me.

I thought I did extremely well,
But obviously some others not,
But I'll have time to contemplate that,
As I sit in their boiling pot!

*John Graham,
Coventry*

TIMES CHANGE

They can talk about the good old days,
Of stars between the wars,
Of men who played for twenty quid,
And didn't drive fast cars.

Of men who played for the fun of it,
When the game was all that mattered,
When fathers took their sons to games,
And none of them got battered.

When Dixie Deans scored sixty goals,
And Barnsley won the Cup,
Goal Average was the 'in-thing' then,
And only two went up.

Long shorts/Short longs were fashion then,
The ball it weighed a ton,
The Cup was won by Bury — Six,
And Derby County — None.

The League was won by Huddersfield,
Three times in a row,
But things have changed — My God they've changed,
Just look where they are now.

Bury's in Division Four,
And Huddersfield's in Three,
There's new teams in the Top Flight now,
Like Stoke and Coventry.

Where's Barrow, Gateshead, Accrington?
Ipswich joined us late!
And Liverpool weren't doing too well,
In Nineteen Fifty Eight.

So when the 'Old Boys' have their say,
Don't argue — Don't get caught,
Remember this — It all depends,
On which Team they support.

The Transfer Fees are soaring,
And the Gates are falling fast.
Free-spending Clubs will one day soon,
Be memories in the past.

We know the Game's not perfect,
Don't let it get you down,
Look to the Headlines years from now,
'League Champions — YEOVIL TOWN'!!

*G.M. Bimson,
Carlisle*

THE LIFE OF BRIAN

Brian who? You may well ask, as if you hadn't heard enough,
For all you men who support the Reds, there's only one Brian and that's Clough.

Some say he is a big mouth, some say he is quite odd
But most men I know worship him, they think he is a god.

His right hand man is Taylor, there could be no-one neater,
And as everyone god's right hand man was said to be Saint Peter

Together they make a heavenly combination,
They took Europe by storm and shocked the whole nation.

But Cloughie is only a mortal man, and often takes a risk.
He's broken into the pop world and cut himself a disc.

Will it get to number one? That would be a shocker.
But somehow I cannot see Brian Clough as a punk rocker.

He's also made a commercial, will he be making acting a career?
I think advertising Parker pens, Burt Reynolds has nothing to fear.

He could even become a roller disco king, as everything comes to he who waits
I could just imagine him at Maddisons pirouetting on a pair of roller skates.

But I don't think disco dancing will become his main ambition,
Because now he has made a bid to become a politician.

He would probably get a great response, with votes from north and south,
And if he joined the Labour Leader, would they be termed as Foot and Mouth?

Could Clough be the next one to take over at Number Ten?
Maggie Thatcher will have to watch her step or else she'll lose her den.

But seriously folks! With his winning ways, you would think him a magician
His talent and flair prove him to be a real football technician.

He can spot a striker and make him a star,
With his favourite saying "this boy will go far"

As Trevor Francis well knows, he shot to fame like a rocket,
But at one time Cloughie told him to take his hand out of his pocket.

Cloughie may be outspoken, and some say he is too much,
But to his faithful supporters he has the Midas golden touch.

Clough and Taylor have proved over and over again
That they are the best in the football game.

Who else could have taken over a Second Division team
To win a First Division championship, we only thought was a dream

And also the League Cup seemed an impossible feat
But to win it two years running gave the fans a real treat.

But the European Championship has to be the best achievement yet.
To win that two years running will be something we'll never forget.

And so to the incredible duo I dedicate this poem,
Because of the enormous amount that all we fans owe 'em.

And not forgetting the players, with their own individual styles,
They have indeed throughout the season, brought thousands of happy smiles.

*Roslyn Knowles,
Annesley Woodhouse, Notts.*

World Cup Winners Competition

12 SONY WALKMAN
PRIZES

SOLUTION:

No. 1 Beckenbauer

No. 2 Stiles

No. 3 Peters

No. 4 Charlton (J)

WINNERS

Mr. J. Copeland,
27 Severn Way,
Brickhill,
Bedford.

Mr. L. Brennan,
61 Titchfield Road,
Biddick Village,
Washington,
Tyne & Wear.

R.D. Elliot,
68 Whyteways,
Boyatt Wood,
Eastleigh,
Hants.

Mr. Todd,
49 Kingsley Avenue,
Hartlepool,
Cleveland.

Mr. B. Walsh,
63, Campion Dr
Haslingden,
Lancs.

Mr. Valentine,
7 Ruthuen Place,
Bishopbriggs,
Glasgow G64.

Reece Ireland,
33, Birch Ave.,
Hollins,
Oldham,
Lancs.

Malcolm McKie,
121 Newcomen St.,
Holderness Road,
Hull,
N.Humberside.

Mr. M. Elvins,
40, Willow Road,
Bromsgrove,
Worcs.

Robert Hicken,
Lawton Heath House,
31 Lawton Heath Rd,
Church Lawton.

Mr. West,
67 Ovington Grove,
Fenham,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. J Gesshlick,
10 Weare Gifford,
Thorpe Bay,
Essex.

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BREAK

STATS

	Result	Attendance	Webster	Key	Smith	Donaldson	Stringer	Fallon	Christie	Spriggs	Buckley	Finney	Murray	Evans	Gibbins	O'Neill	Goldsmith	Cox	Watson	Streete	Reilly	Lyons	Taylor	Turner
August																								
16 Derby County	3-0	9558	1		4	2		5	11-1	8		10	3		6	12				7	9-2			
19 Orient	0-3	5109	1		4	2		5	11	8		10	3		6	12				7	9			
23 Watford	3-1	6546	1		4	2		5	11-1	8-1		10-1	3		6	12				7	9			
26 Wolves FL Cup 1st Leg	3-1	7234	1		4	2		5	11	8*		10-1	3		6	12				7	9-2			
30 Swansea City	1-1	11118	1		4	2		5	11			10-1	3	12	6	8				7	9*			
September																								
2 Wolves FL Cup 2 Leg	1-0	19939	1		4	2	9	5	11	8		10	3		6	12				7-1				
6 Preston North End	0-2	5668	1		4	2	12	5	11*	8		10	3		6	9				7				
13 Chelsea	0-1	9474	1		4		12	5	11	8		10	3	2	6	7					9			
20 Shrewsbury Town	1-2	4465	1		4	2	12	5	11*	8		10	3	9	6-1	7					9			
23 Aston Villa FLC 3	2-1	7608	1		4	2		5	11	8-1	12	10-1	3	7*	6						9			
27 West Ham United	1-2	8591	1		4	2		5	11	8	3	10-1		7	6	12					9			
October																								
4 Bristol Rovers	1-0	5231	1		4	2	7	5-1	11	8		10	3	12	6						9			
7 Wrexham	1-0	4431	1		4-1	2	7	5	11	8		10	3		6						9	12		
11 Oldham Athletic	3-1	4564		1	4	2	12	5	11-1	8-1		10	3		6						9	7-1		
17 Cardiff City	2-1	4059		1	4	2	12	5	11	8-1		10	3		6						9	7-1		
22 Blackburn Rovers	0-2	9438		1	4	2		5	11	8		10	3		6	12					9	7		
25 Luton Town	1-3	7218		1	4	2		5	11	8		10	3		6	7					9-1		12	
28 Coventry City FLC4	1-1	17076		1	4	2		5	11	8		12	3		6						9		10-1	
November																								
1 Bolton Wanderers	1-6	8016		1	4	2		5	11	8	3	12			6	7					9		10-1	
4 Coventry City FLC4 Replay	0-1	10171		1	4	2		5	11	8		10	3		6	7					9		12	
8 Newcastle United	2-1	5684		1	4	2		5	11	8-1		12	3		6-1	7					9	10		
11 Orient	1-0	5072		1	4	2		5	11	8-1		12	3		6	7					9	10	12	
15 Derby County	3-0	15179		1	4	2		5	11-1	8			3		6-1	7					9	10-1		
22 Bristol City (1)	2-1	4922		1	4	2		5	11	8		12	3		6	7					9	10-2		
29 Grimsby Town	1-3	7592		1	4	2		5	11	8		12	3		6	7					9-1	10		
December																								
6 Queens Park Rangers	1-0	6349		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12	7					9		10-1	
13 Wrexham (2)	0-0	5049		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12	7					9	12	10	
20 Blackburn Rovers	0-0	4389		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12	7					9		10	
1981																								
January																								
3 Norwich City F.A. Cup 3	0-1	18420		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12					7	9		10	
10 Bristol City	1-0	9869		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12					7	9		10	
14 League Cup S.F.																								
17 Swansea City	3-1	5121		1	4	2		5	11	8-2		6	3		12					7-1	9		10	
24 Sheffield Wednesday	0-2	9231		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12					7	9		10	
31 Watford	0-0	12009		1	4	2		5		8		6	3		11	12				7	9			10
February																								
7 Chelsea	0-3	16704		1	4	2		5		8		6	3			12				7	9		11	10
11 League Cup S.F.																								
14 Preston North End (5)	1-0	4228		1	4	2		5	11	8		6	3		12					7	9-1	10		
21 West Ham United	2-4	36002		1	4	2		5		8-1		6	3		11	12				7	9-1	10		
28 Shrewsbury Town	3-1	4007		1	4	2		5		8		6	3		11	9				7		10		12
March																								
7 Bristol Rovers (6)	1-3	4060		1	4	2		5	12	8		6	3		11	9-1				7	9-1	10		4
15 Oldham Athletic	2-2	4836		1		2		5	11	8		6	3			12				7	9-1	10-1		
21 Cardiff City	2-0	3719		1	4			5	11-1	8		6	3	2		12				7	9-1	10		
28 Luton Town	0-0	9412		1	4			5	11	8		6	3	2		12				7	9	10		
April																								
4 Bolton Wanderers																								
11 Newcastle United (SF)																								
18 Sheffield Wednesday																								
20 Notts County																								
25 Queens Park Rangers																								
May																								
2 Grimsby Town																								
5 Notts County																								
9 F.A. Cup Final																								

*Player replaced by substitute

Small figures in columns indicate goals scored

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United Action

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VISITORS

BOLTON WANDERERS

Despite crushing United 6 – 1 earlier in the season and all but beating European Champions Nottingham Forest in the F.A. Cup, Bolton Wanderers are still very much involved in the dog-fight to avoid relegation to Division Three just a season after suffering relegation from Division One!

At the beginning of the season Bolton were tipped to be among the promotion front-runners, but a series of injuries, loss of senior players and a poor defensive record have put paid to any chances of regaining a place in Division one.

Two players to leave Bolton before the season started were central defender Sam Alladyce to Sunderland for £150,000 and goal-keeper, Jim McDonagh to Everton for £250,000 and manager Stan Anderson had further replacement problems when midfielder Peter Reid refused to play for Bolton after his sights became firmly fixed on a First Division soccer career. He belatedly agreed to play but not before he had been told by a tribunal to sign for another club or play for Bolton. When he did return however, Reid suffered an injury and had to undergo a cartilage operation and joined the injured men list which included Nicky Walsh sidelined for 6 weeks and Dusan Nikolic, a £180,000 signing from Yugoslavia. However, every club has to compensate for injuries and this point is not lost on manager Stan Anderson who feels that some of the reason for Bolton's fall from grace is due to the loss of experienced players over the past couple of seasons, such as Roy Greaves, Willie Morgan, Frank Worthington and the aforementioned Alladyce and McDonagh. Furthermore a poor financial situation at Burnden Park has restricted Bolton's buying power and as in common with many big name clubs outside the First Division accent is now firmly on youth.

Even though Bolton are placed low in the table they remain one of the most attractive sides in the Division having scored 53 league goals, a total only bettered by West Ham United, but their defensive record remains the worst in the Division! Recently however a return to Burnden Park of former assistant manager George Mulhall as coach has seen him reintroduce the experience of Central defender Paul Jones and even fullback Peter Nicholson in an attempt to tighten up at the back – and it appears to be working as Bolton won at Preston and earned a point at home against West Ham last Saturday.

That draw shows they can live with the best in the Division and indeed on their day they can be a match for the best in the country. They were desperately unlucky not to beat Nottingham



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ALL ENQUIRIES RING MALCOLM WALKER ON CAMBRIDGE 861436

LINE-UP

Forest in the F.A. Cup and on early season form against Newcastle they looked real promotion material. On that day **Brian Kidd** scored a hat-trick in only his third game for Bolton after a £150,000 transfer from Everton. However the League scene is based on 42 League games and Bolton need a little bit of consistency from now until the end of the season to avoid following in the footsteps of ex Division One clubs like Blackpool, Huddersfield and Burnley and slipping into Division Three. We wish them luck but not too much today as United hope to avenge that 6-1 defeat.

Terry Poole — goalkeeper. Signed from Huddersfield Town in January 1977 for a fee of £25,000. 6ft. tall.

Dennis Peacock — goalkeeper. Joined the Wanderers from Doncaster in March last season. Born in Lincoln, he had a spell with Nottingham Forest. 6ft.3ins.

David Burke — defender. David emerged onto the first team scene at the start of the 1978-79 season. From Winsford, Cheshire.

Gerry McElhinney — defender. Signed from Distillery at the beginning of this season, a former Gaelic footballer and amateur boxer.

Paul Jones — defender. Paul has been a member of the Under-23 and full England squads. Around 350 League games for Bolton.

Mike Walsh — defender. Manchester born, joined the Wanderers from school. Around 175 League appearances for Bolton.

Peter Reid — midfield. Joined Bolton from school on Merseyside. Was a regular member of the England Under-21 side which he also skippered.

Len Cantello — midfield. Cost a record £350,000 fee when he signed from West Bromwich Albion in June 1979. Played 300 games for W.B.A.

Dusan Nikolic — midfield. Signed from Red Star Belgrade in September. Yugoslavian born, has represented his country at Senior International level on four occasions and also has eleven Under-23 Caps and 24 Youth International Caps.

Neil Whatmore — striker. Strong attacker with a flair for scoring goals. Is a prolific scorer and can also play in mid-field with good effect. Was top scorer last season with 18 goals.

Brian Kidd — striker. Brian was a member of Manchester United's European Cup winning team in 1968 and he was later capped twice by England. He joined Bolton for £150,000 at the end of last May from Everton. Also ex Manchester City and Arsenal.

Alan Gowling — striker. Signed for a £120,000 fee from Newcastle United three seasons ago after four years at St. James' Park. Started his career with Manchester United and then moved to Huddersfield.

Phil Wilson — midfield. Born in Hemsworth, Yorkshire, he joined Bolton as a schoolboy in February 1976 and signed full professional forms in October 1978.

Mick Bennett — defender. A member of the successful England Youth squad which won this summer's European Youth Championships in East Germany. Bolton born, he joined the Wanderers as a schoolboy, signing full professional forms last year.

David Hoggan — midfield. Joined Bolton from Tynecastle Boys Club in November 1977 and signed full professional forms in August 1979.



Top Row (left to right)

Terry Poole, Mike Walsh, Dennis Peacock.

Middle Row (left to right)

Paul Jones, Gerry McElhinney, Alan Gowling, Chris Thompson, Len Cantello, Dusan Nikolic, Brian Kidd.

Bottom Row (left to right)

Dave Burke, Mike Graham, Mike Carter, Phil Wilson, Neil Whatmore, Peter Reid.

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ALL ENQUIRIES RING MALCOLM WALKER ON CAMBRIDGE 861436

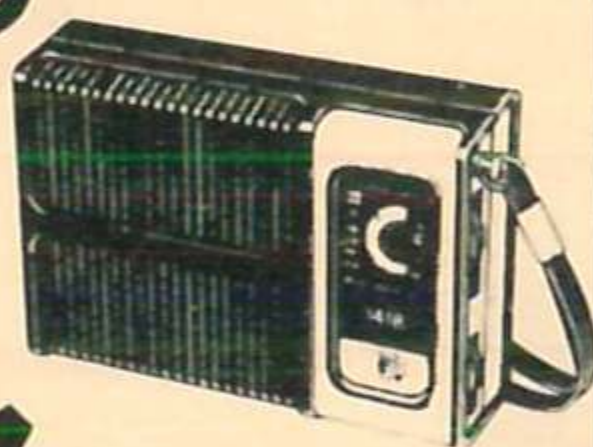
CAMBRIDGE UNITED

Amber/Black

1. Richard KEY
2. Douglas EVANS
3. Jamie MURRAY
4. Lindsay SMITH
5. Steve FALLON
6. Tom FINNEY
7. Floyd STREETE
8. Steve SPRIGGS
9. George REILLY
10. John LYONS
11. Derrick CHRISTIE
- 12.



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BOLTON WANDERERS

White/Navy Blue

1. Terry POOLE
2. Peter NICHOLSON
3. Mike WALSH
4. Peter REID
5. Paul JONES
6. Len CANTELLO
7. Dusan NIKOLIC
8. Neil WHATMORE
9. John THOMAS
10. David HOGGAN
11. Alan GOWLING
- 12.

REFEREE

Colin Downey (Hounslow, Middlesex) Commenced refereeing with Middlesex F.A. in 1965 and has progressed via Spartan and Rothman's Isthmian League to the Football League list. Refereed an Anglo-Italian semi-professional tournament in 1976, also the Middlesex County Senior Charity Cup Final. Has also refereed other League and County Cup finals. In 1977 was Linesman in the second round U.E.F.A. Cup and lined an International in 1979.

Married, with one son, he is a Systems Analyst in a Computer business, with interests in cricket, badminton and squash. He is Chairman of Hounslow Referees' Society and President of a local youth league.

LINESMEN

V.C. Roper (Norfolk) Red Flag
I.S. Hemley (Beds) Yellow Flag



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Division II Positions on Monday 30/3/81.

	Home						Away						
	P	W	D	L	F	A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
W. Ham	35	16	1	1	47	12	6	8	3	18	16	53	
Notts. County	35	9	6	2	22	12	6	8	4	17	20	44	
Grimsby	35	10	7	1	20	4	4	6	7	19	24	41	
Blackburn	35	10	7	1	24	7	3	8	6	13	20	41	
Swansea	35	10	3	4	31	16	4	8	6	19	22	39	
Luton	35	8	6	4	30	21	6	5	6	18	18	39	
Derby	36	8	7	3	29	22	5	6	7	21	25	39	
Chelsea	36	8	6	4	27	10	6	4	8	19	23	38	
Sheff. Wed.	34	12	4	1	30	9	3	4	10	13	27	38	
Cambridge Utd.	35	12	1	5	28	17	4	5	8	15	29	38	
QPR	36	9	6	3	30	12	4	5	9	17	25	37	
Orient	36	9	6	3	31	15	4	4	10	16	28	36	
Newcastle	35	9	5	3	16	10	3	6	9	8	27	35	
Watford	35	11	4	3	30	17	1	5	11	12	24	33	
Wrexham	35	3	8	6	14	20	7	4	7	19	18	32	
Bolton	36	9	4	5	37	22	3	3	12	16	35	31	
Oldham	36	6	8	4	17	14	3	5	10	16	30	31	
Shrewsbury	36	7	6	5	27	19	1	8	9	9	22	30	
Cardiff	35	7	5	5	20	18	3	4	11	18	35	29	
Preston	35	7	6	4	24	20	1	6	11	8	34	28	
Bristol City	36	5	8	5	15	13	0	6	12	7	31	24	
Bristol R.	36	4	8	6	19	20	1	4	13	12	35	22	

MASCOT



Today's Mascot is 6 year old Philip Driver who lives at Histon and attends Histon & Impington Primary School.

Philip's hobbies are swimming, football and collecting picture cards.

His favourite players are Derrick Christie and Steve Spriggs.

MATCHBALL SPONSOR

Our thanks to

HOBBS SPORTS

for sponsoring today's Mitre Match ball

BALLBOYS



Sawston Enterprises Colts Football Club has four teams in the Cambridge Colts League. The Club is progressive and is proud of its achievements. The Under 14's in 1979/80 were League Champions and won two cups. This season three age levels are in contention for league titles and the Club will be represented in three cup finals this month. Steady progress for a Club in its second season.

NEXT HOME FIXTURE

versus Notts County on Monday, 20th April, 1981, kick-off 3 p.m.

Club Office Hours for the Easter holiday period will be as follows:—

Good Friday (17.4.81) Closed
Saturday (18.4.81) 9.30 am — 12 noon
Easter Monday (20.4.81) Normal hours

Cambridge Evening News

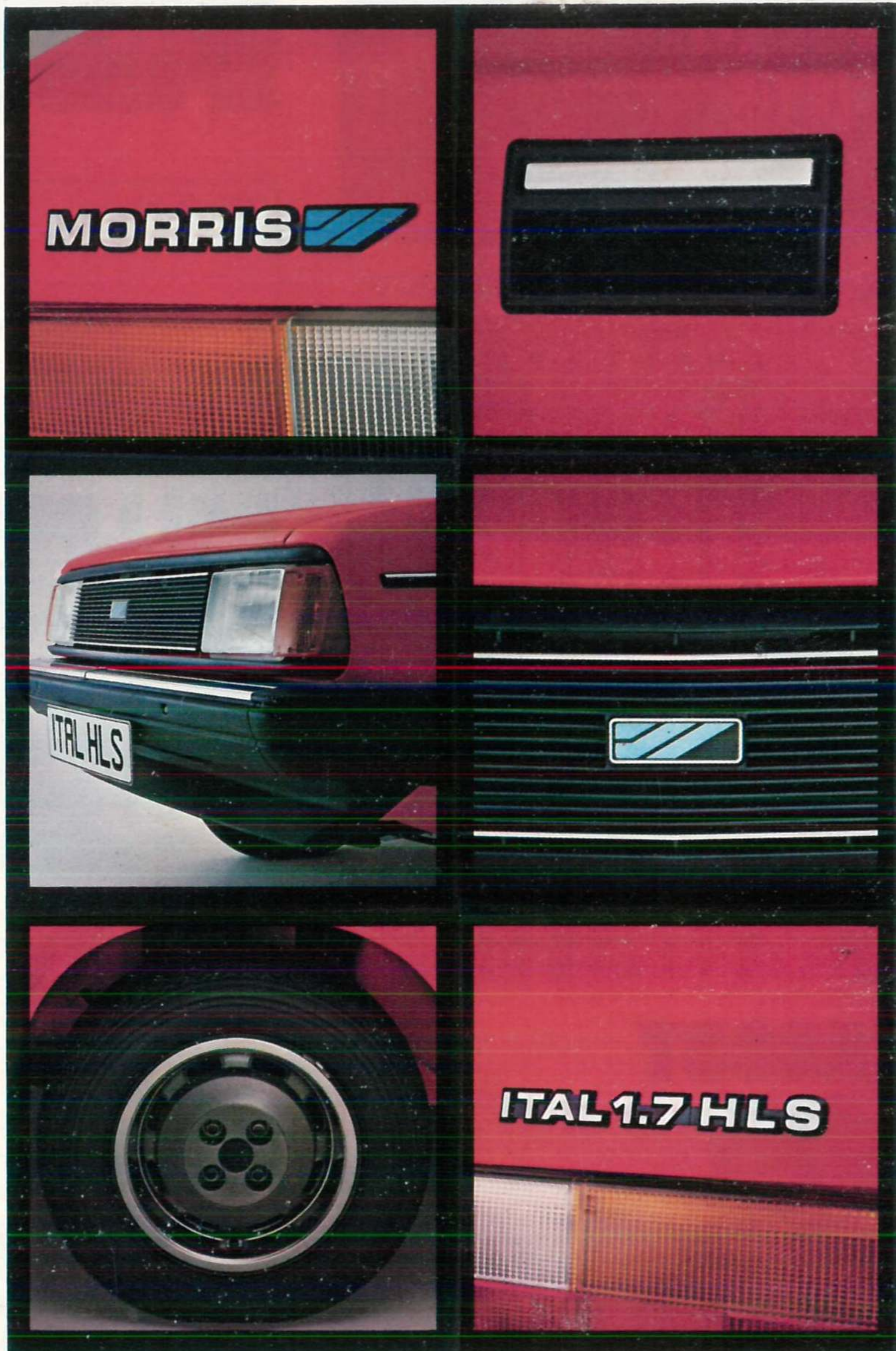
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